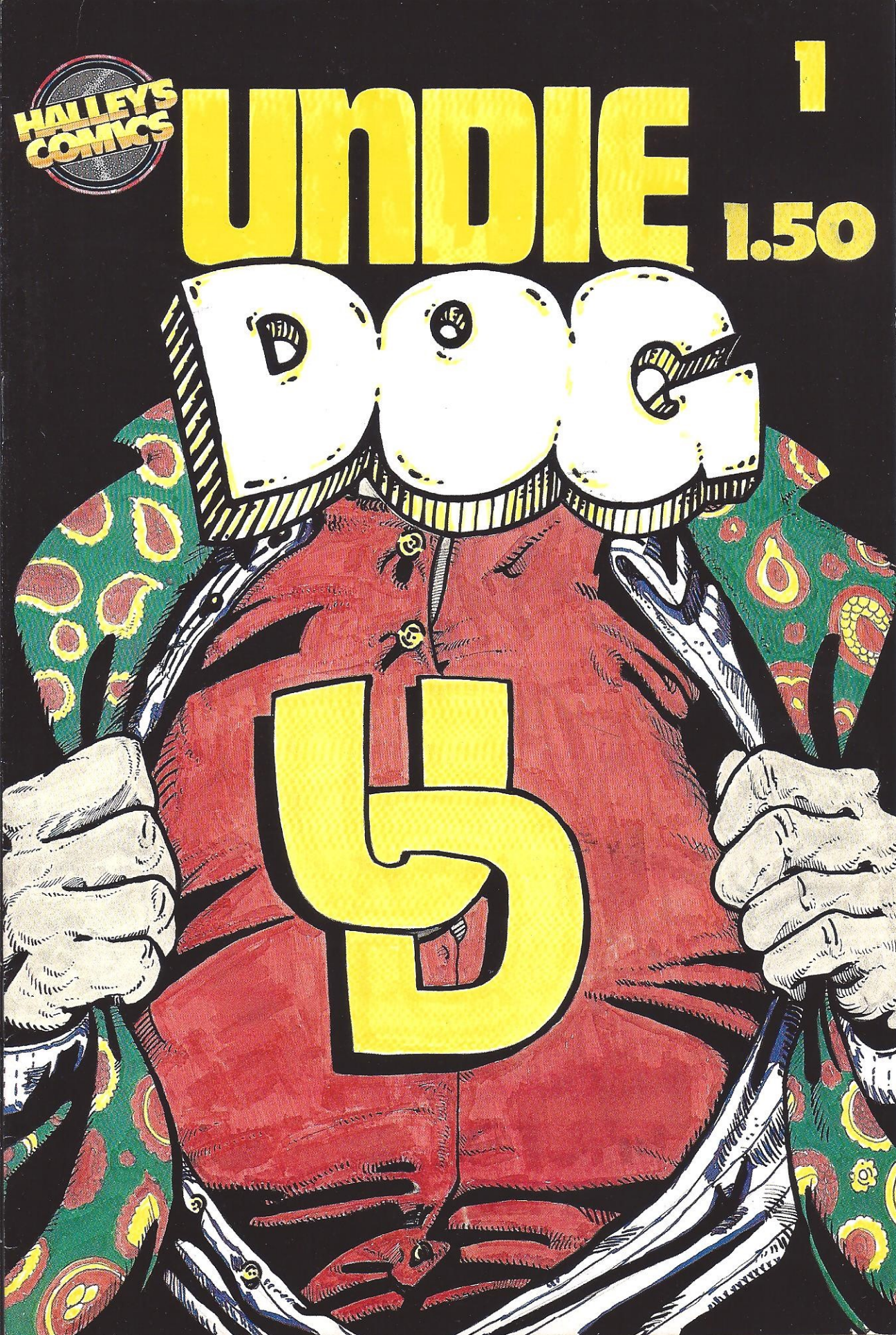
HALLEY'S COMICS
UNDIE
1
1.50
DOG
5

HALLEY'S COMICS

"COMICS IN A NEW LIGHT"

P.O. BOX 50332
KNOXVILLE, TN.
37950 (WRITE SOON)

A few months ago, I had an idea that many people thought...well, they thought it was a stupid one. "Let's start a comic book company," I exclaimed, not aware of how ignorant I really was. Well, several months later, here we are, and I must say, it was a good idea after all.

Whew! Talk about your labor pains. Try having a superdog sometime. What you see before you is the joint effort of my brother, Danny, and me, with assists from Deb Tillman and Ken Cobb (a great guy, so no corny jokes about his name, pullease). We began our first comic sometime around the sixth grade. It starred the Brute, a hero with no apparent powers; He just wore clothes that were ripped to shreds (the first punk hero). Throughout the years we tried again, but somehow the enthusiam seemed to die. Doing a comic was actually work. Imagine our disdain.

Ack!

But now, some twelve years later, we have sustained something. Danny actually invented the visual form of Undie a few years ago in a six page short. The story, although rough, contained the germ of an idea. We scrapped the original, keeping only the villain. Undie's personality and environment were changed, his image refined. A new cast was added and Undie was born.

(A special thanks to all who gave and kept the faith.)

David

David Gill.....president
Danny Gill.....art director
Ken Cobb.....publisher

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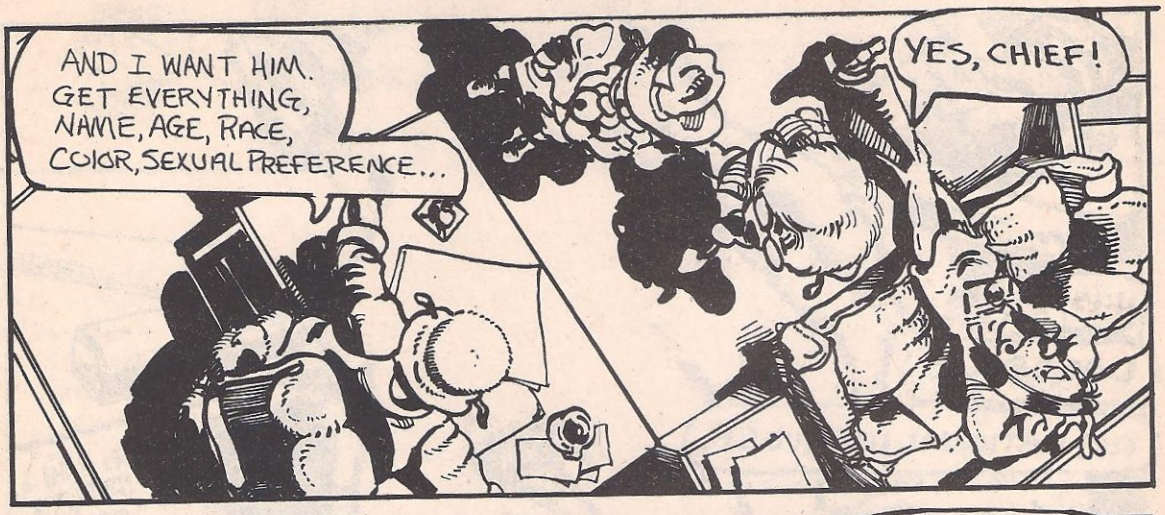
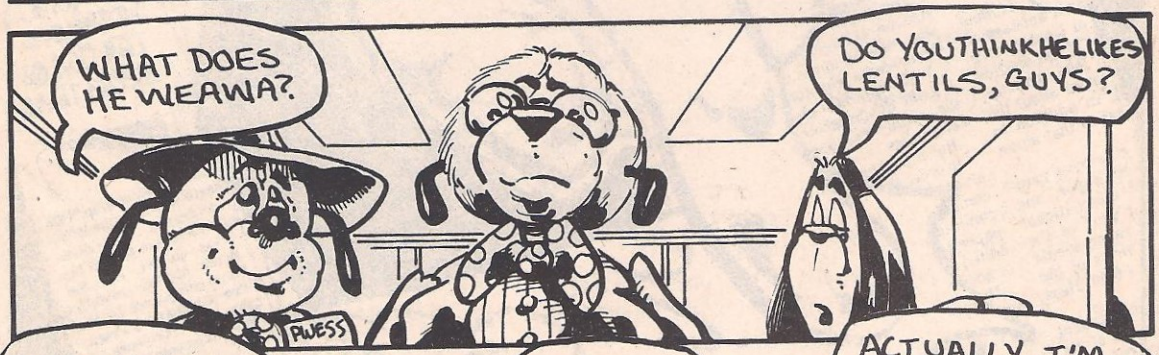
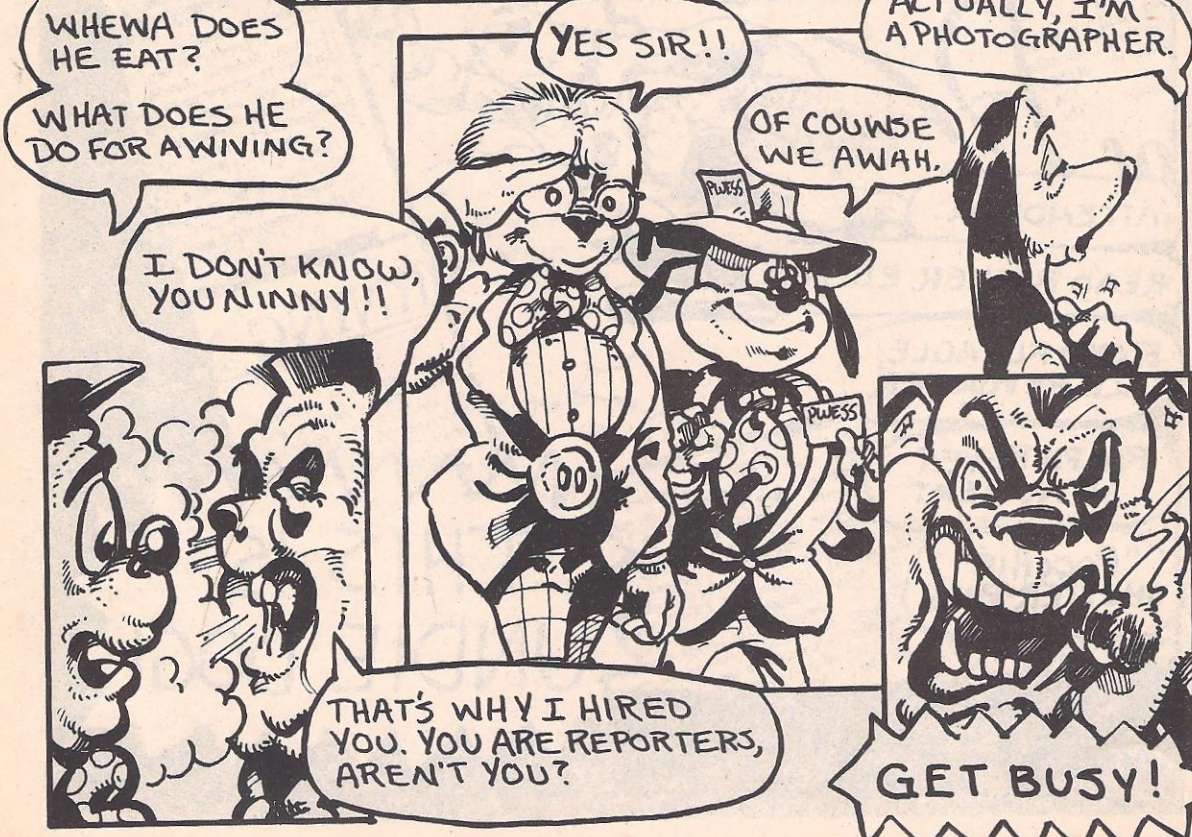
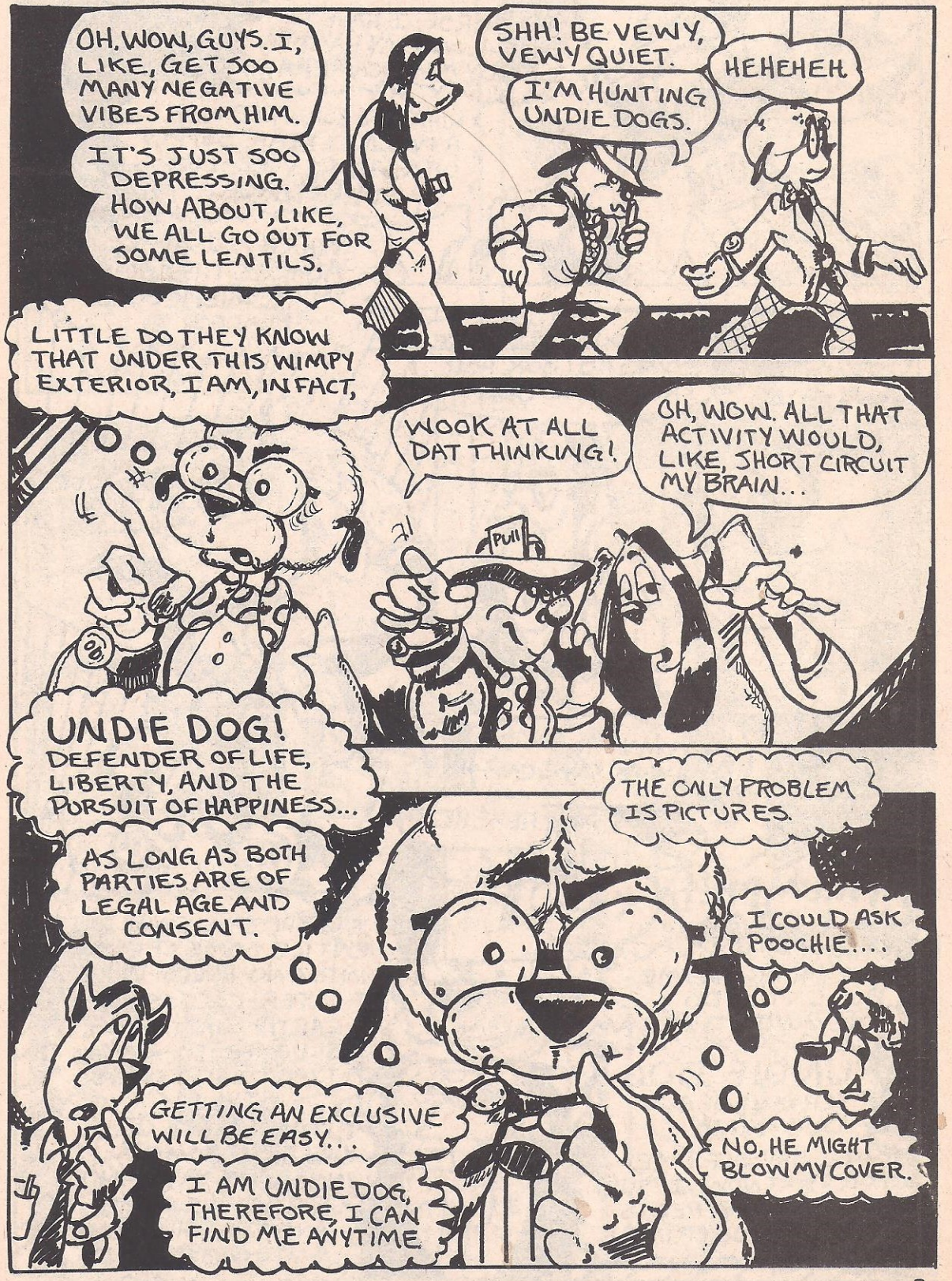
11:15 AM.
DOGOPOLIS
THE NATIONAL INTRUDER
ATTENDING:
READ BARKER, EDITOR
FLOYD FLEAGLE, ACE REPORTER
RALPH ROVER, NEWS BEAT
"POOCHIE" SHUTTER-BUG
THIS IS UNDIE DOG!

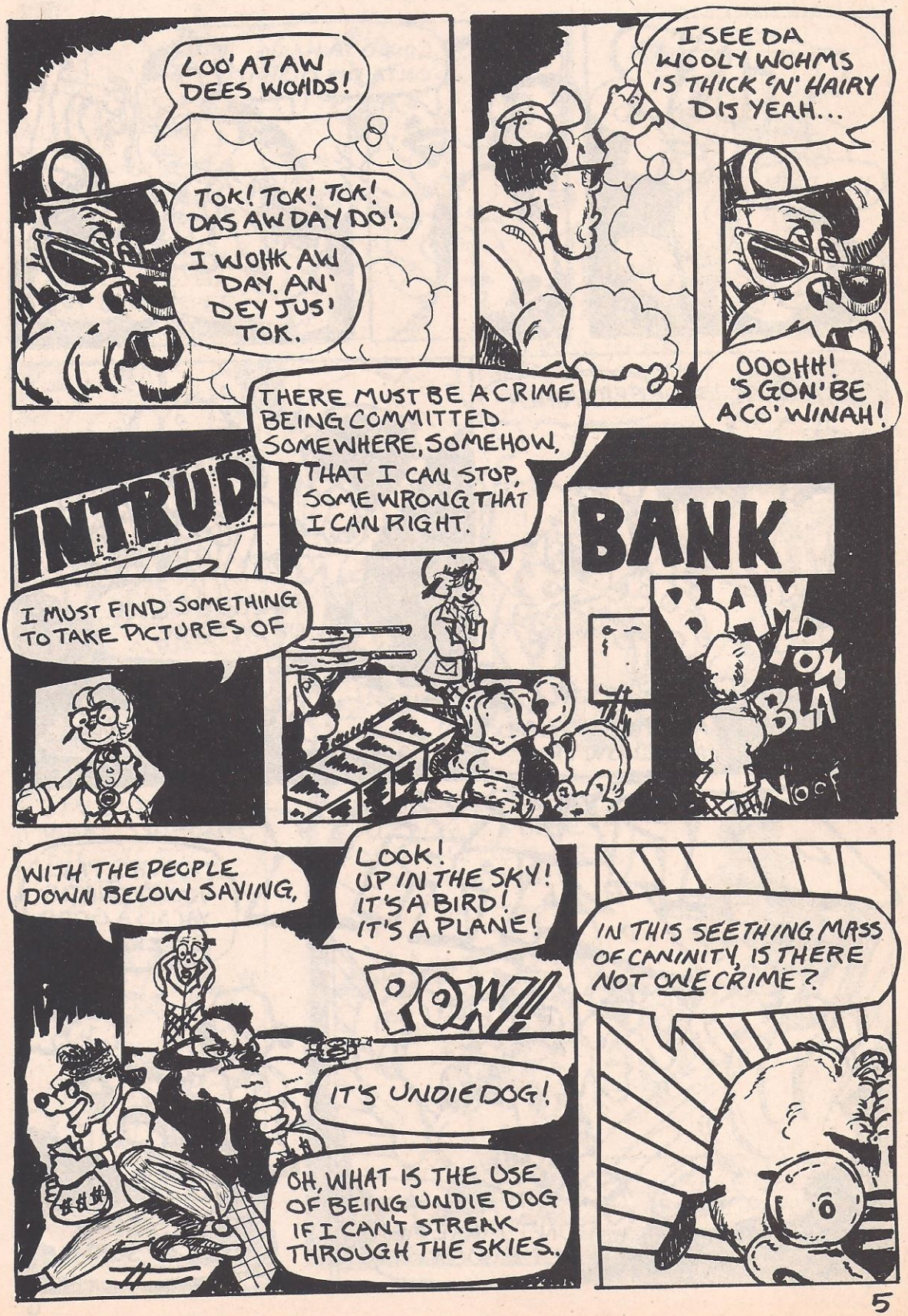

AND I WANT HIM. GET EVERYTHING, NAME, AGE, RACE, COLOR, SEXUAL PREFERENCE...
YES, CHIEF!


WHAT DOES HE WEAWA?
DO YOU THINK HE LIKES LENTILS, GUYS?
PLUESS

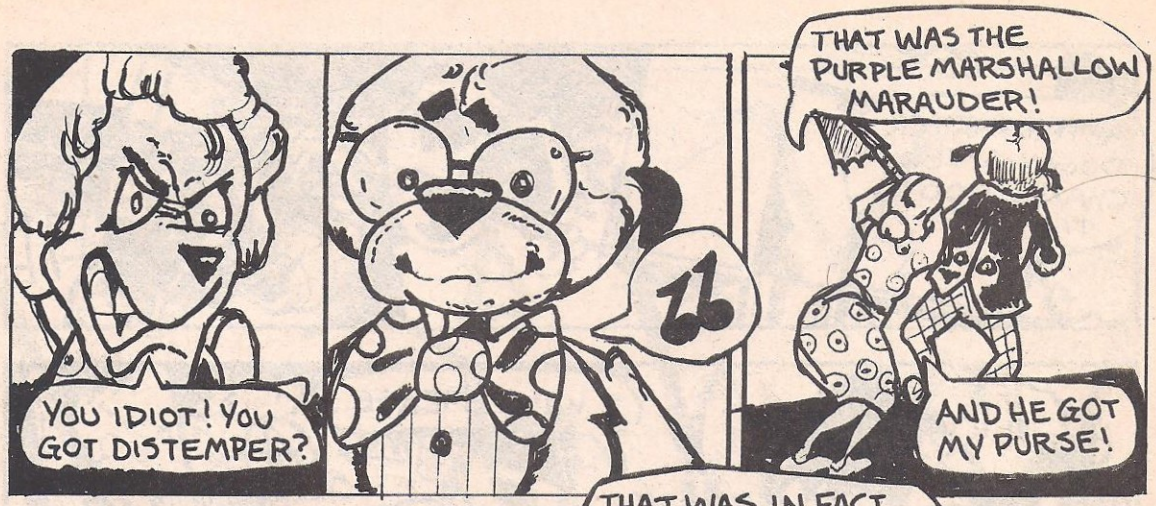

WHEWA DOES HE EAT?
WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A WIVING?
I DON'T KNOW, YOU NINNY!!
YES SIR!!
ACTUALLY, I'M A PHOTOGRAPHER.
OF COUWSE WE AWAH.
PLUESS
PLUESS
THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU. YOU ARE REPORTERS, AREN'T YOU?
GET BUSY!

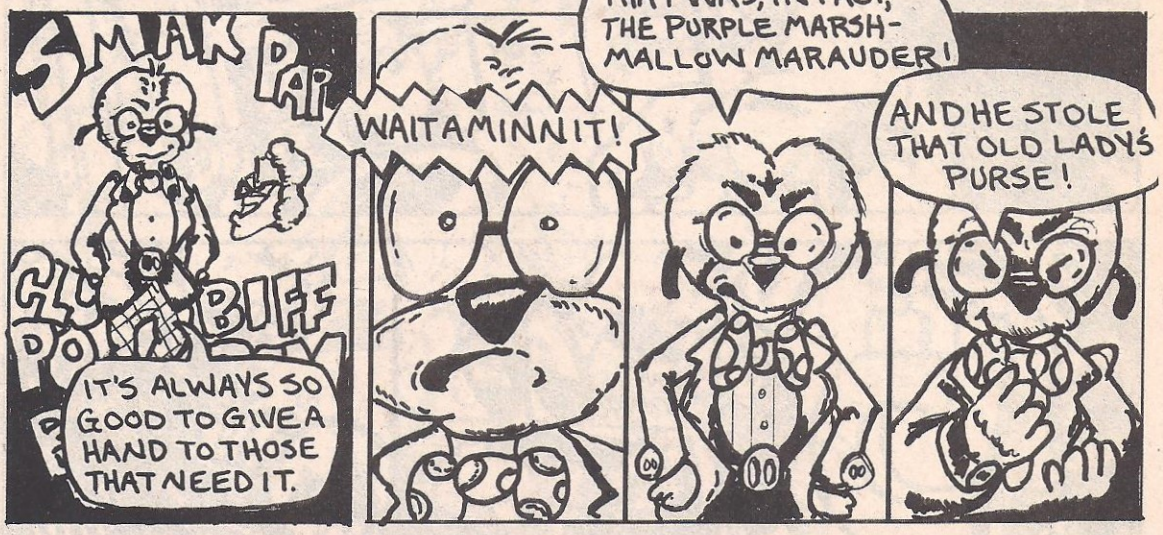

OH, WOW, GUYS. I, LIKE, GET SOO MANY NEGATIVE VIBES FROM HIM.
IT'S JUST SOO DEPRESSING. HOW ABOUT, LIKE, WE ALL GO OUT FOR SOME LENTILS.
SHH! BE VEWY, VEWY QUIET.
I'M HUNTING UNDIE DOGS.
HEHEHEH
LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT UNDER THIS WIMPY EXTERIOR, I AM, IN FACT,
WOOK AT ALL DAT THINKING!
OH, WOW. ALL THAT ACTIVITY WOULD, LIKE, SHORT CIRCUIT MY BRAIN...
PULL
UNDIE DOG! DEFENDER OF LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS...
AS LONG AS BOTH PARTIES ARE OF LEGAL AGE AND CONSENT.
THE ONLY PROBLEM IS PICTURES.
I COULD ASK POOCHIE....
GETTING AN EXCLUSIVE WILL BE EASY...
I AM UNDIE DOG, THEREFORE, I CAN FIND ME ANYTIME
NO, HE MIGHT BLOW MY COVER.

OF COURSE, I HAVE TO TAKE ALONG MY HANDY-DANDY, MINI-CAMERA...
WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH A TWENTY YEAR SUPPLY OF A STICKY, WEB-LIKE SUBSTANCE...
WHICH IS USED TO ADHERE THE CAMERA IN INCONSPICUOUS PLACES.
ARE YOU REALLY, LIKE, GOING TO LOOK FOR THIS UNDIE DOG?
UH, FLEAGLE, MAN...
YOU BET YOUR LENTILS!
YOU WANT TO BOWWOW MY GUN?
HEHEHEH
HRUMPH!!
THEY RIDICULE ME, BUT LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT I AM...
UNDIE DOG, SERVANT OF ALL DOG-KIND.
BUT I HAVEN'T TIME FOR THAT NOW. I MUST SCOUR THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF CRIME!
I KNOW, I'LL SIMPLY ENTICE SOME CRIMINAL INTO A NO-HOLDS-BARRED, SUPER-COLOSSAL, EARTH-SHATTERING, SLUG-FESTO-RAMA-TYPE DEAL, DOGGY-STYLE.
EITHER THAT, OR I CAN FIND SOME INNOCENT JAYWALKER, RIP OFF HIS ARMS AND TURN HIS HEAD INTO GUAVA JELLY.

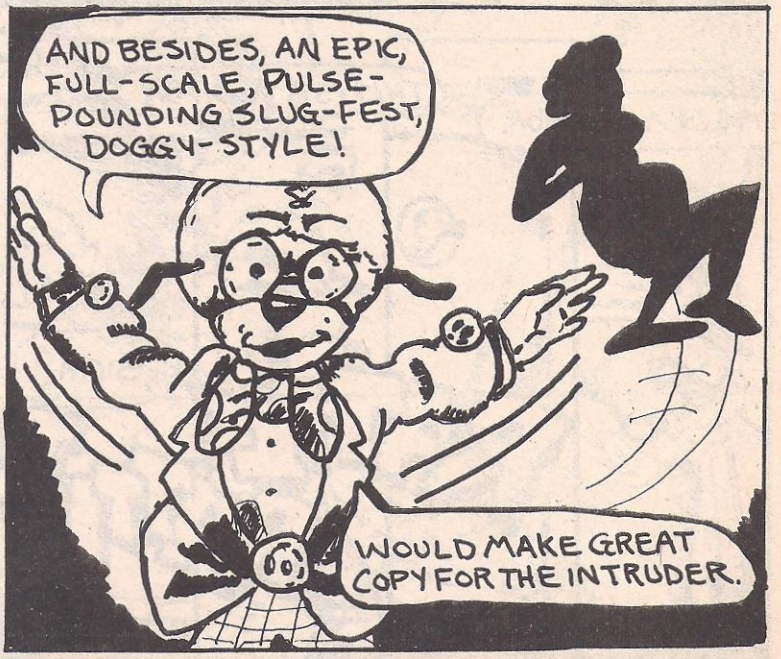

LOO' AT AW DEES WOHDS!
TOK! TOK! TOK! DAS AW DAY DO!
I WOHK AW DAY. AN' DEY JUS' TOK.
I SEE DA WOOLY WOHMS IS THICK 'N' HAIRY DIS YEAH...
OOOHH! 'S GON' BE A CO' WINAH!
INTRUD
I MUST FIND SOMETHING TO TAKE PICTURES OF
THERE MUST BE A CRIME BEING COMMITTED SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, THAT I CAN STOP, SOME WRONG THAT I CAN RIGHT.
BANK
BAM
POW
BLA
NOOF
WITH THE PEOPLE DOWN BELOW SAYING,
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE!
POW!!
IT'S UNDIE DOG!
OH, WHAT IS THE USE OF BEING UNDIE DOG IF I CAN'T STREAK THROUGH THE SKIES..
IN THIS SEETHING MASS OF CANINITY, IS THERE NOT ONE CRIME?

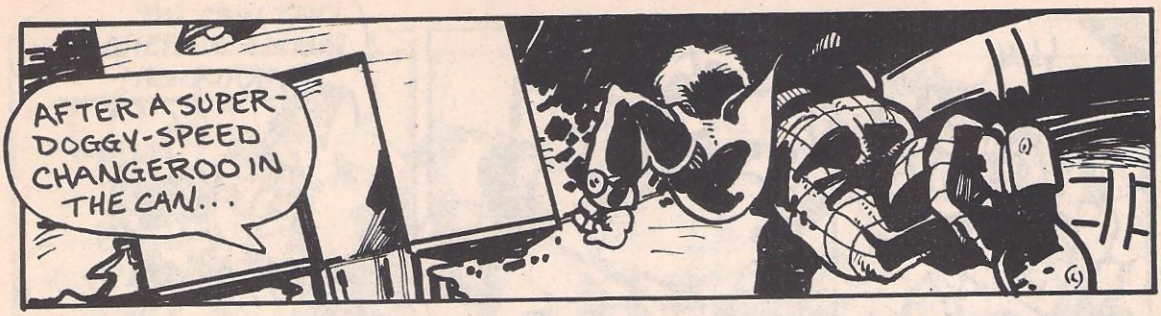
TAP
HEY, PAL!
COULD YA HANG ONTA DIS OL' BAT?
CERTAINLY,
ANYTHING TO AID A FELLOW DOG.
AWRIGHT. GIVE UP DA POISE.
NO! NEVER!
BAPPY BAPPY
DON'T MAKE ME GET ROUGH...
THANKS, PAL. YOU'RE WATCH-YACALLA GOOD CIT'ZEN...
ALWAYS GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE


YOU IDIOT! YOU GOT DISTEMPER?
THAT WAS THE PURPLE MARSHALLOW MARAUDER!
AND HE GOT MY PURSE!

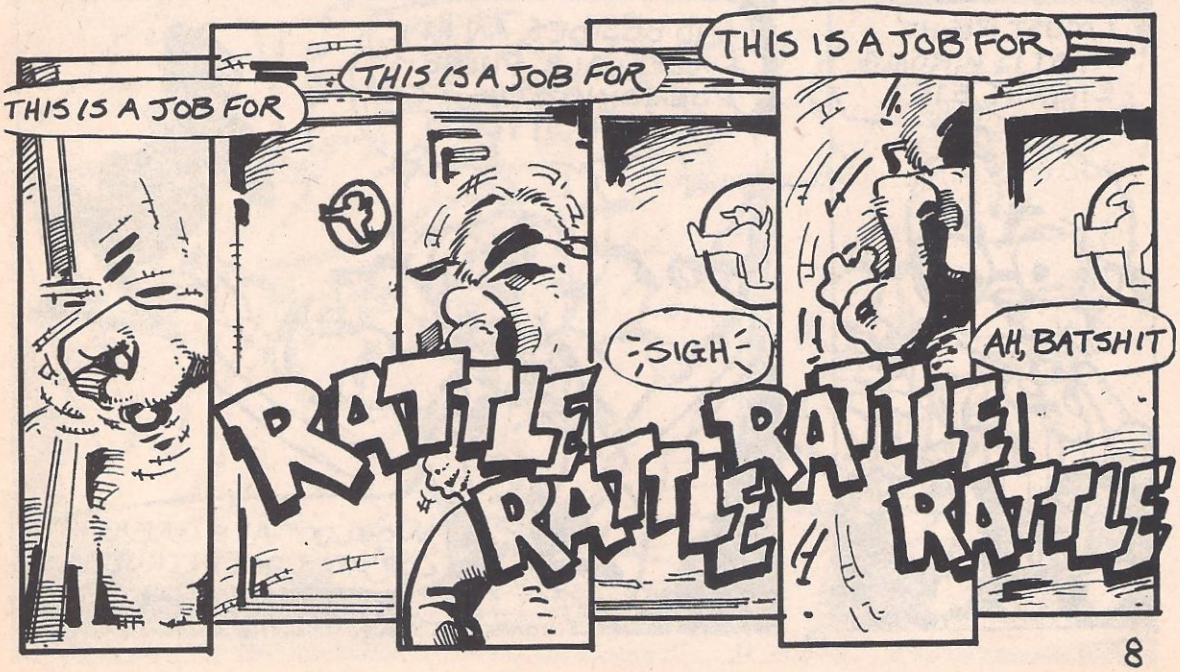

SMAK
PAP
BIFF
IT'S ALWAYS SO GOOD TO GIVE A HAND TO THOSE THAT NEED IT.
WAIT A MINN IT!
THAT WAS, IN FACT, THE PURPLE MARSH-MALLOW MARAUDER!
AND HE STOLE THAT OLD LADY'S PURSE!

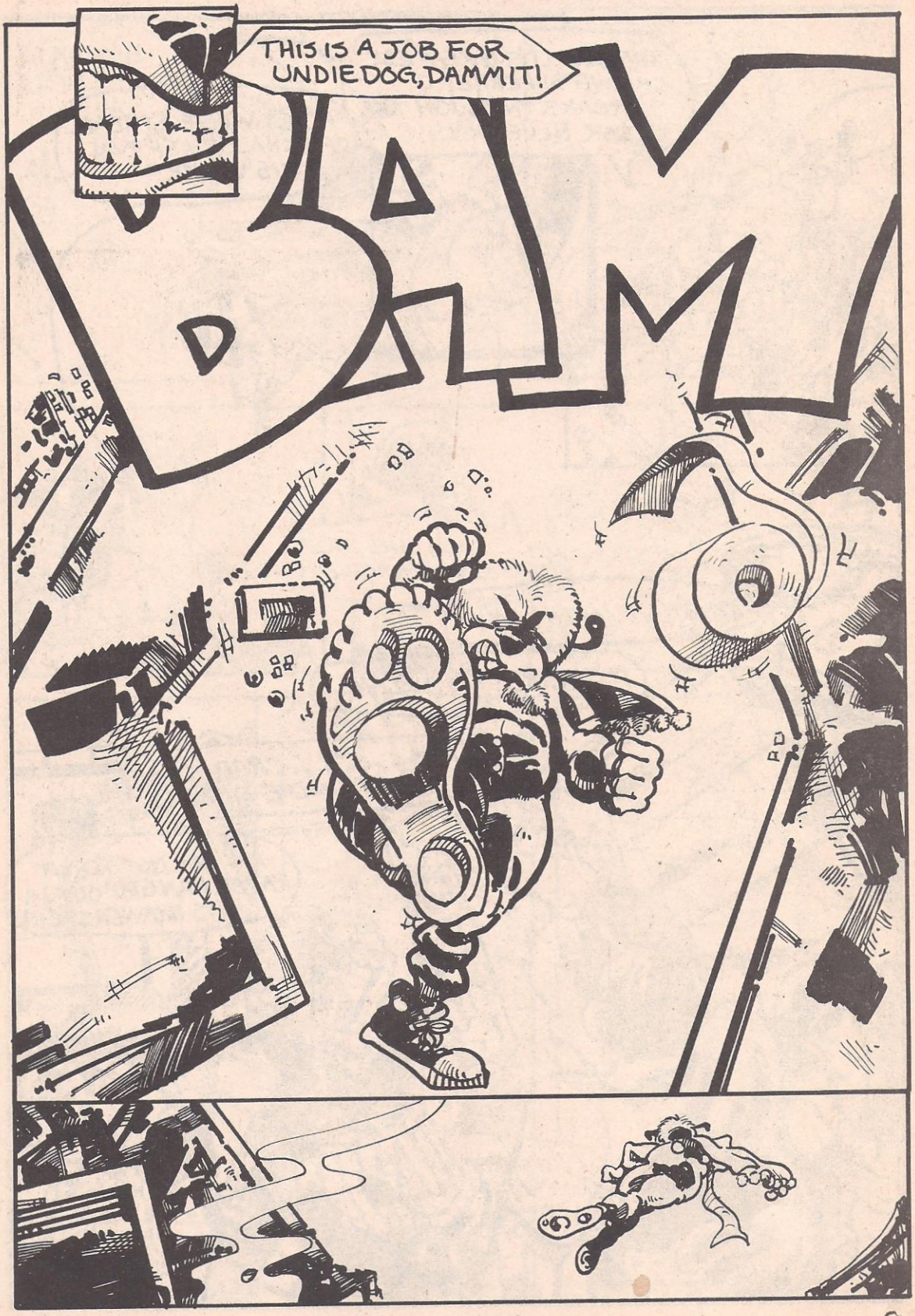
I MUST RIGHT WHAT IS WRONG, ETC, ETC, ETC...

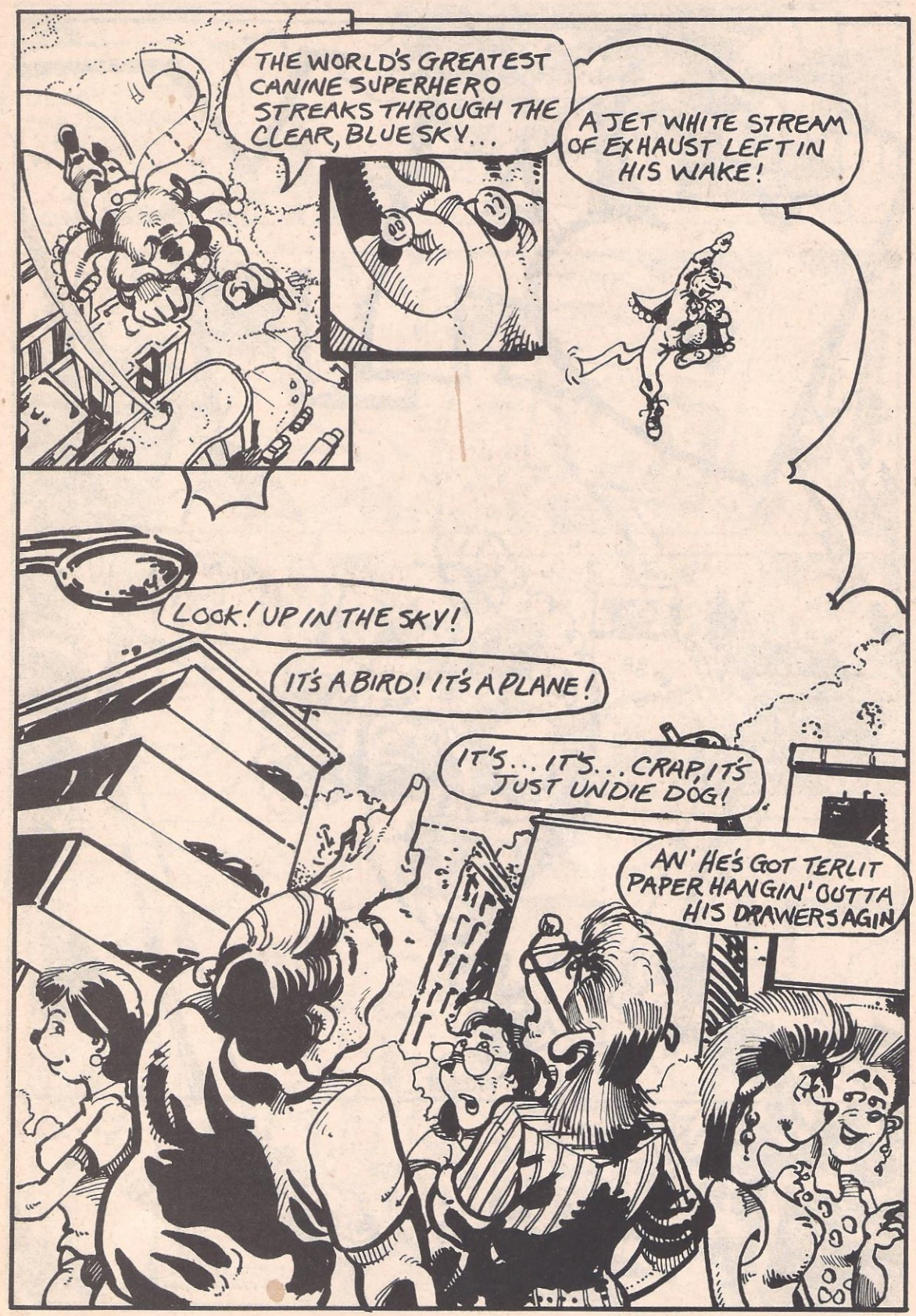

AND BESIDES, AN EPIC, FULL-SCALE, PULSE-POUNDING SLUG-FEST, DOGGY-STYLE!
WOULD MAKE GREAT COPY FOR THE INTRUDER.

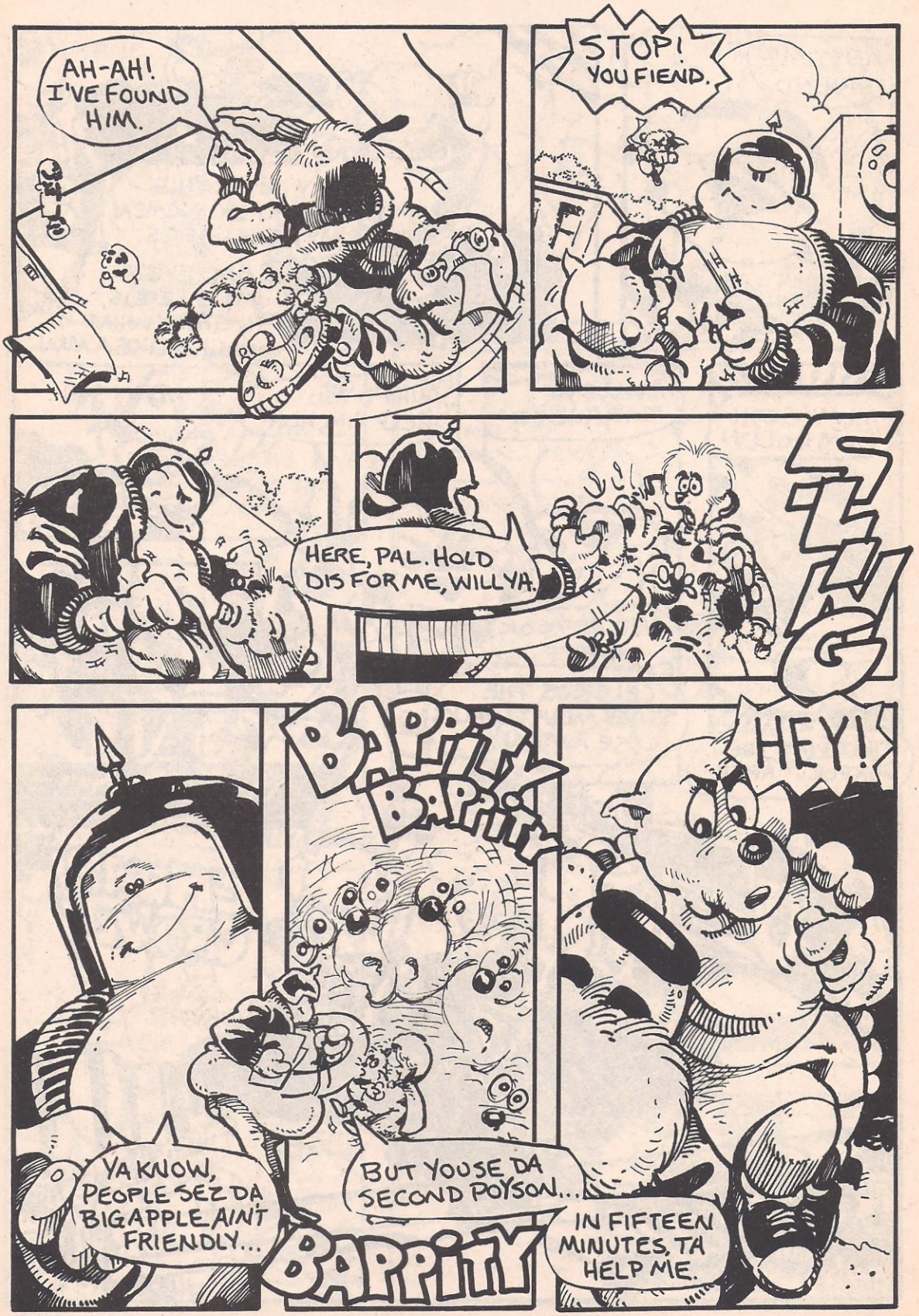

AFTER A SUPER-DOGGY-SPEED CHANGEROO IN THE CAN...

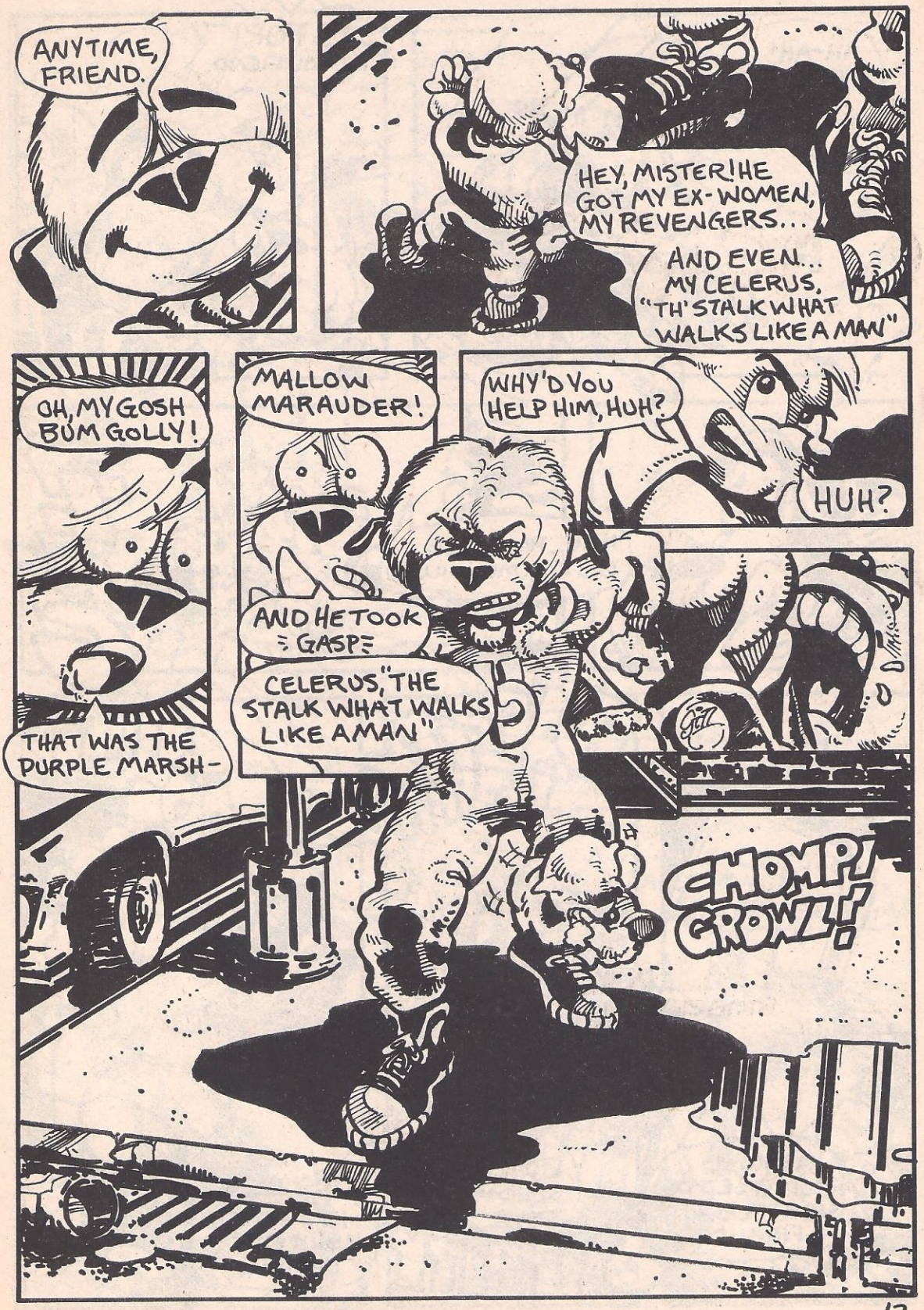
I WILL EMERGE...

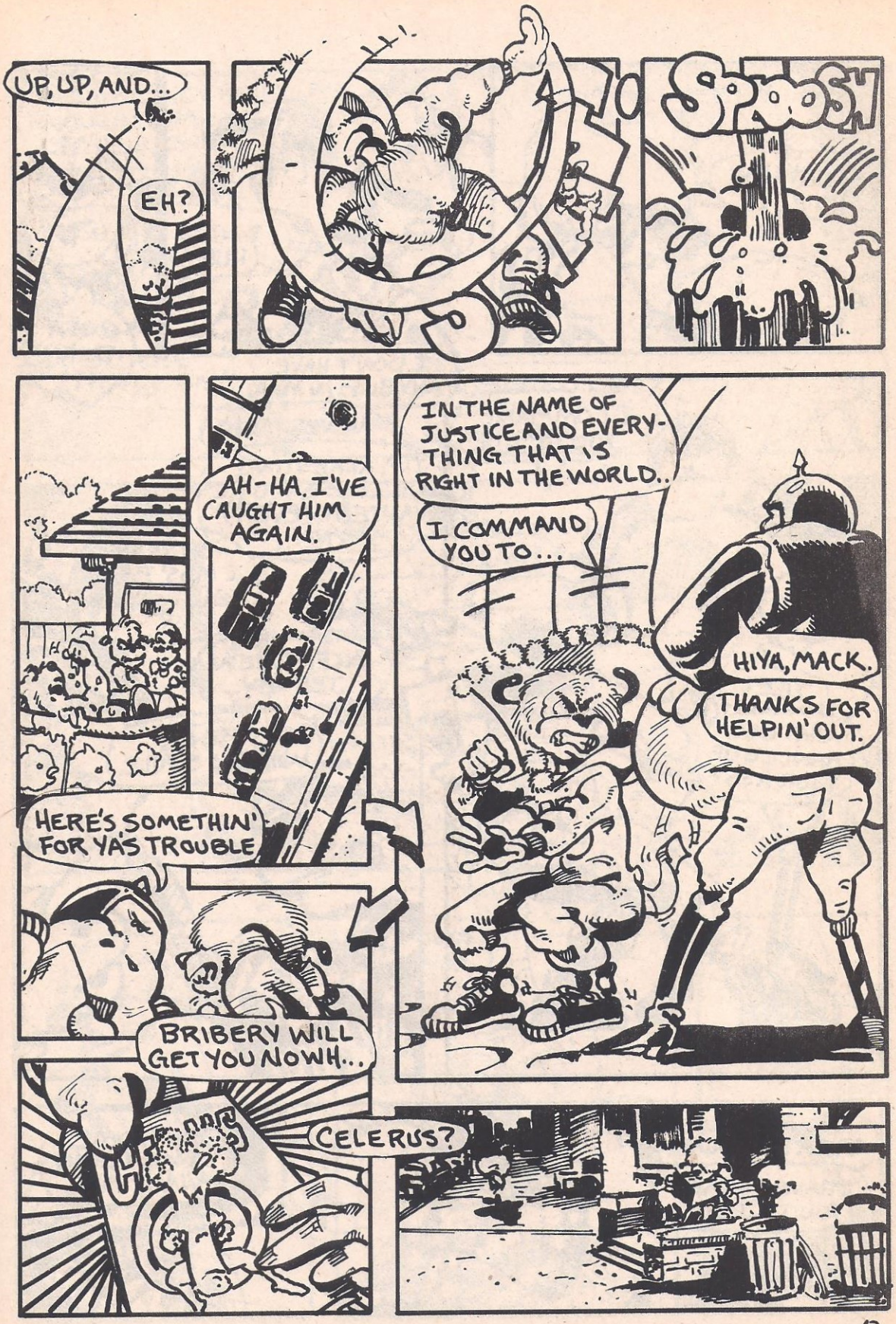

THIS IS A JOB FOR
THIS IS A JOB FOR
THIS IS A JOB FOR
SIGH
AH, BATSHIT
RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE


THIS IS A JOB FOR UNDIEDOG, DAMMIT!
BAM

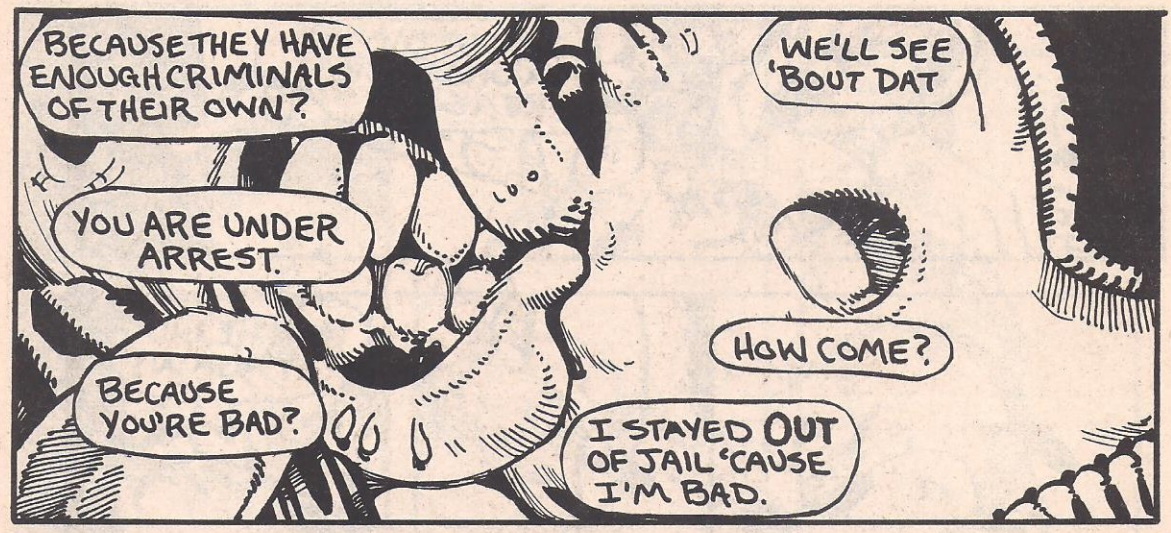

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CANINE SUPERHERO STREAKS THROUGH THE CLEAR, BLUE SKY...
A JET WHITE STREAM OF EXHAUST LEFT IN HIS WAKE!
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE!
IT'S... IT'S... CRAP, IT'S JUST UNDIE DOG!
AN' HE'S GOT TERLIT PAPER HANGIN' OUTTA HIS DRAWERS AGIN

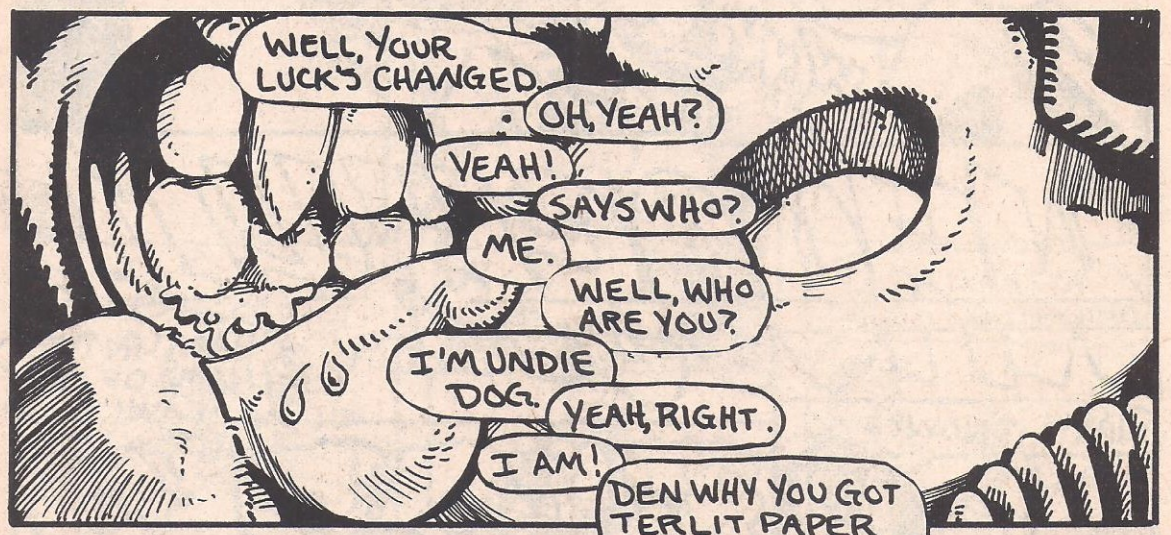

AH-AH! I'VE FOUND HIM.
STOP! YOU FIEND.
HERE, PAL. HOLD DIS FOR ME, WILLYA.
SLING
BAPPITY BAPPITY
HEY!
YA KNOW, PEOPLE SEZ DA BIGAPPLE AIN'T FRIENDLY...
BUT YOUSE DA SECOND POYSON...
BAPPITY
IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, TA HELP ME.


ANYTIME, FRIEND.
HEY, MISTER! HE GOT MY EX-WOMEN, MY REVENGERS...
AND EVEN... MY CELERUS, "TH' STALK WHAT WALKS LIKE A MAN"
OH, MY GOSH BUM GOLLY!
THAT WAS THE PURPLE MARSH-
MALLOW MARAUDER!
AND HE TOOK =GASP=
CELERUS, "THE STALK WHAT WALKS LIKE A MAN"
WHY'D YOU HELP HIM, HUH?
HUH?
CHOMP! GROWL!

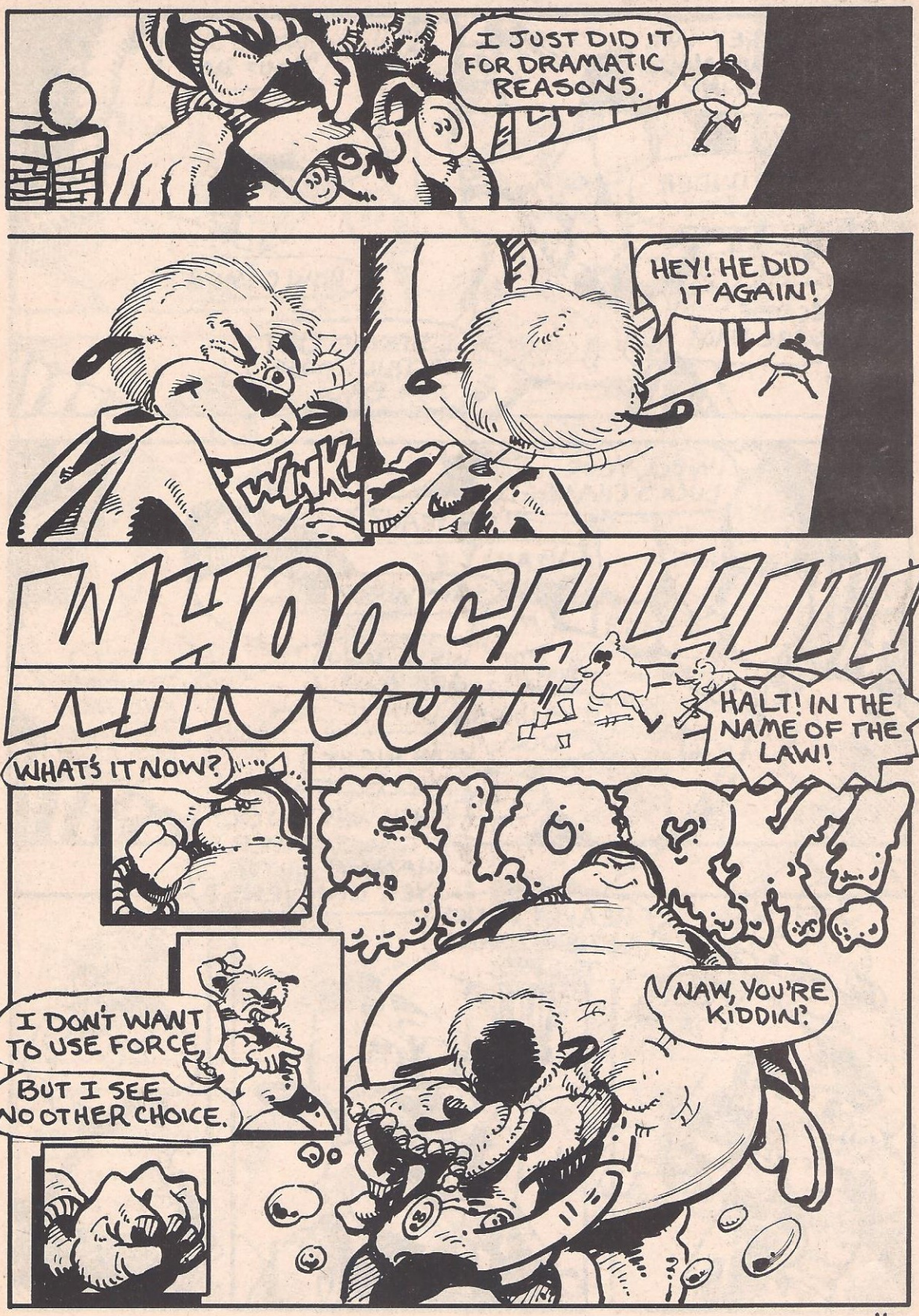

UP, UP, AND...
EH?
SPOOSH
AH-HA. I'VE CAUGHT HIM AGAIN.
IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE AND EVERYTHING THAT IS RIGHT IN THE WORLD..
I COMMAND YOU TO...
HIYA, MACK.
THANKS FOR HELPIN' OUT.
HERE'S SOMETHIN' FOR YA'S TROUBLE
BRIBERY WILL GET YOU NOWH...
CELERUS?

FUNNY NOW, INNIT?
HUH?
GOSH DARN IT!
I DON'T HAVE ANY BUGS IN MY A...
NEVER MIND.
I'M ARRESTING YOU 'CAUSE YOU'RE WANTED IN EVERY STATE...
OH YEAH? I MUS' BE A REAL POP'LER GUY.
EXCEPT NEW JERSEY
MUS' BE MY WINNIN' SMILE.
I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!
JEEZ.
WHAT BUG CRAWLED UP YOUR ASS?
NO, NO. YOU ARE A CRIMINAL.
I HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL.
HOW COME, JOISEY DON'T WANT ME?


BECAUSE THEY HAVE ENOUGH CRIMINALS OF THEIR OWN?
WE'LL SEE 'BOUT DAT
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.
HOW COME?
BECAUSE YOU'RE BAD?
I STAYED OUT OF JAIL 'CAUSE I'M BAD.

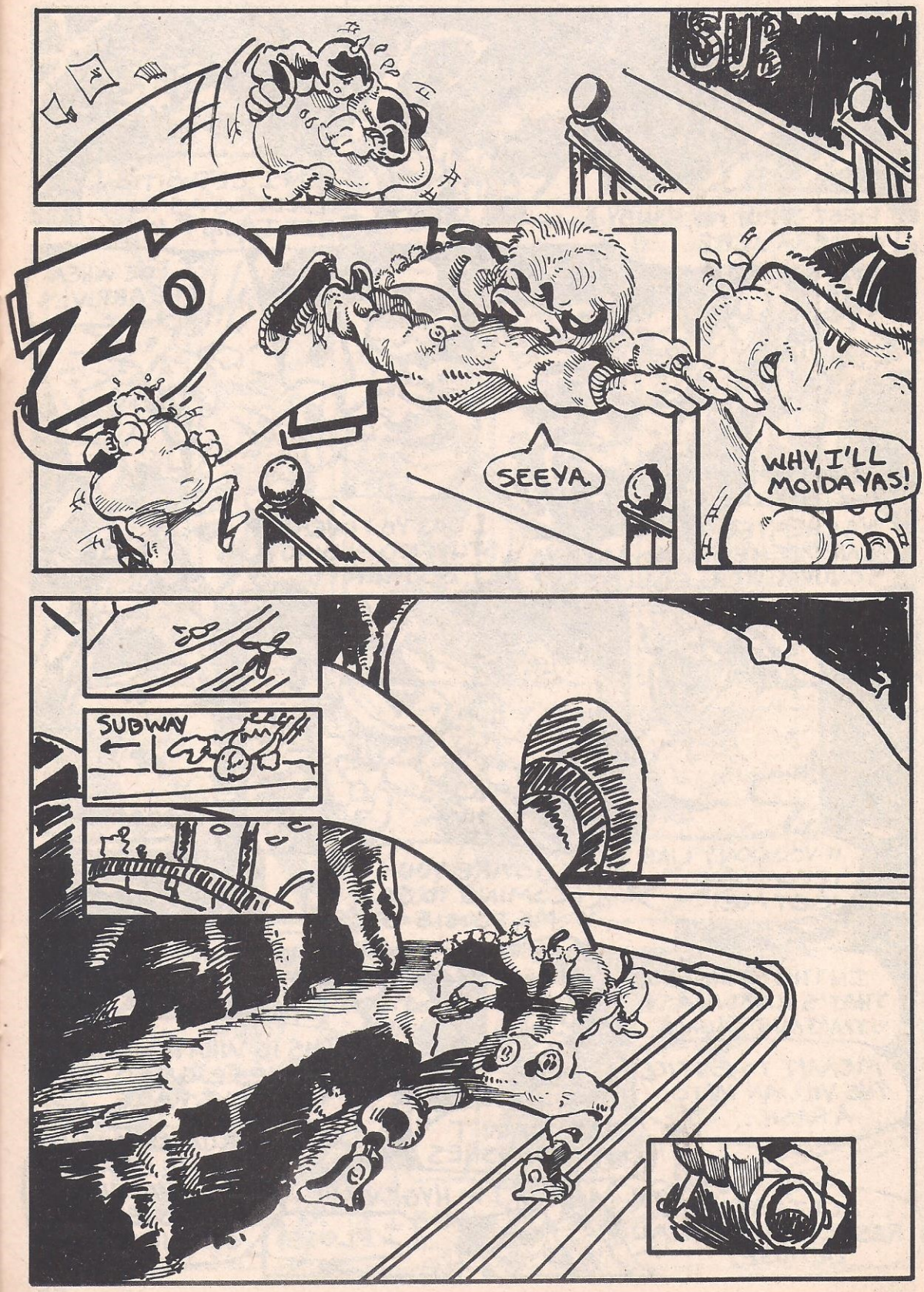

WELL, YOUR LUCK'S CHANGED.
OH, YEAH?
YEAH!
SAYS WHO?
ME.
WELL, WHO ARE YOU?
I'M UNDIE DOG.
YEAH, RIGHT.
I AM!

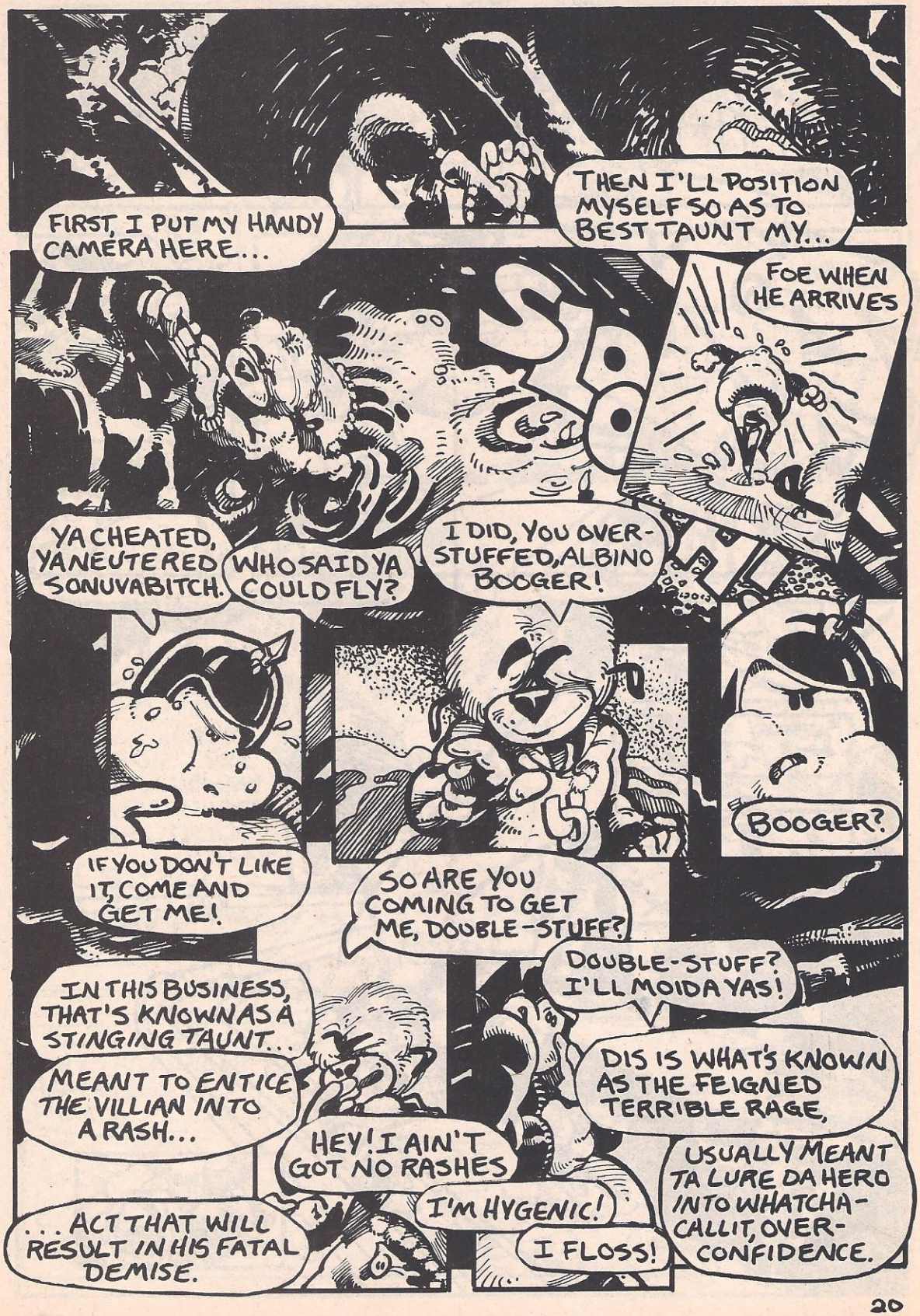
DEN WHY YOU GOT TERLIT PAPER HANGIN' OUTTA YER DRAWERS?
OOPS.
REALLY, FOLKS, I KNEW IT WAS THERE...
'BYE.

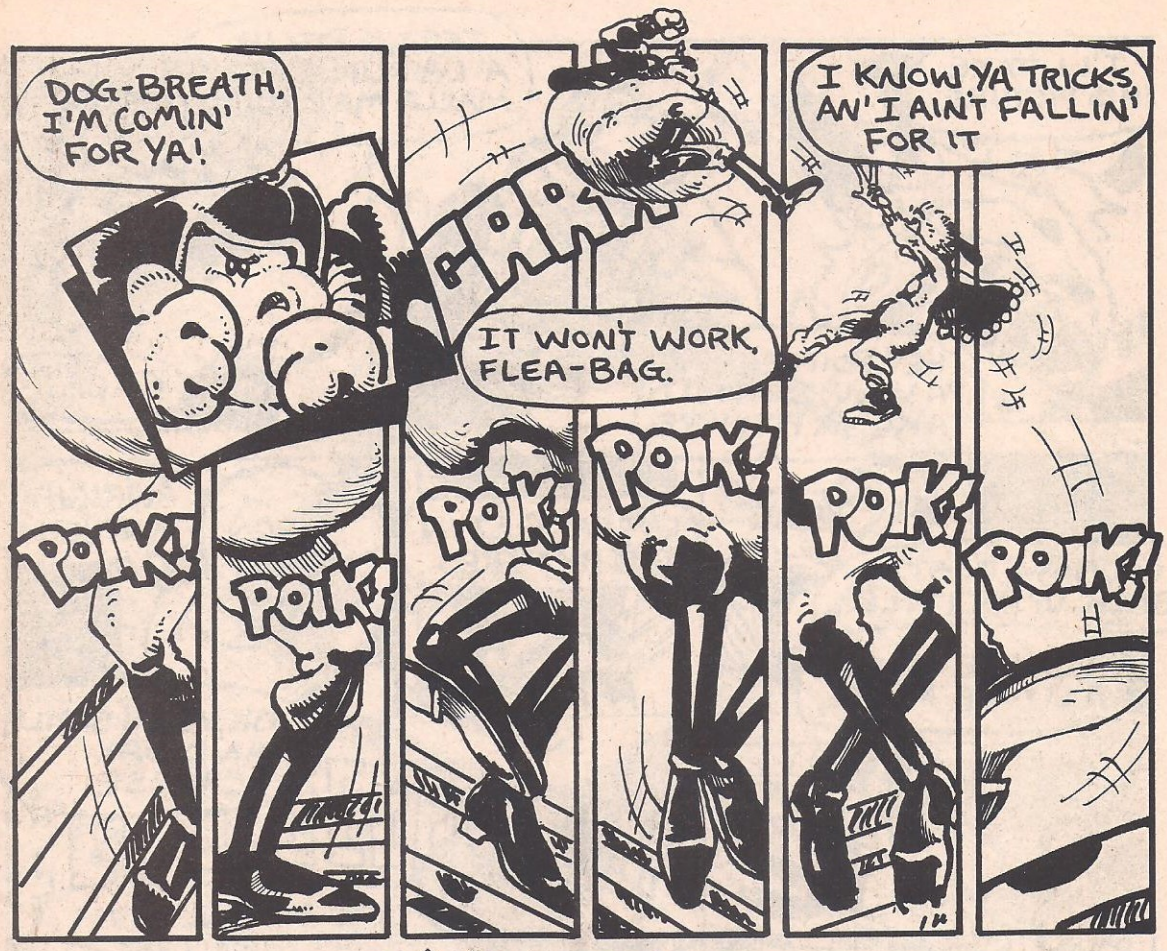

I JUST DID IT FOR DRAMATIC REASONS.
HEY! HE DID IT AGAIN!
WINK
WHOOCHUUU
HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
WHAT'S IT NOW?
I DON'T WANT TO USE FORCE
BUT I SEE NO OTHER CHOICE.
NAW, YOU'RE KIDDIN'.

ERP.
NOW LOOK WHAT YA DID. AN' I GOT A DATE T'NITE.
NOW RUN AND PLAY 'FORE YA GET HURT.
HAVE AT YOU!
DIS IS WHATYA CALL A DOG-POUND.
AR-AR
DAT'S ENOUGH!
BAPPY BAPPY BAPPY

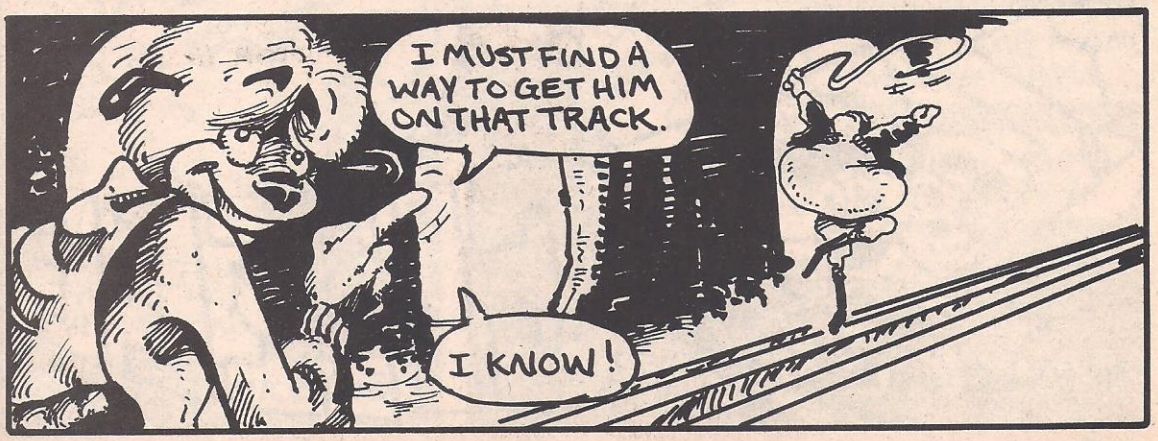
I THINK THIS CALLS FOR A NEW STRATEGY.
I KNOW! I'LL DUPE HIM WITH THE OLD...
"LURE HIM TO THE SUBWAY FOR THE ELECTRIFIED THIRD RAIL TRICK."
HEY, LARDO!
HOW 'BOUT A RACE?
LARDO?
YA CALLED ME LARDO?
IF YOU WIN THE RACE, YOU CAN BEAT ME INTO A PULP.
IF I WIN, YOU GO TO JAIL. DEAL?
one...
SOUNDS FAIR. ON THE COUNT OF THREE...
two...
HMM... SOUNDS LIKE DA OL' "LURE HIM TA DA SUBWAY FOR DA ELECTRIFIED THIRD RAIL TRICK"
AWRIGHT. I RACE YA, AN' I'LL BEAT YA TO A PULP.
thr...
SEEYA.
GO?
WHY, THAT UNDER-HANDED, FOUL FIEND!
HE HAS NO MORALS, NO SENSE OF FAIR PLAY.
AND HE'S SNEAKY, TOO.

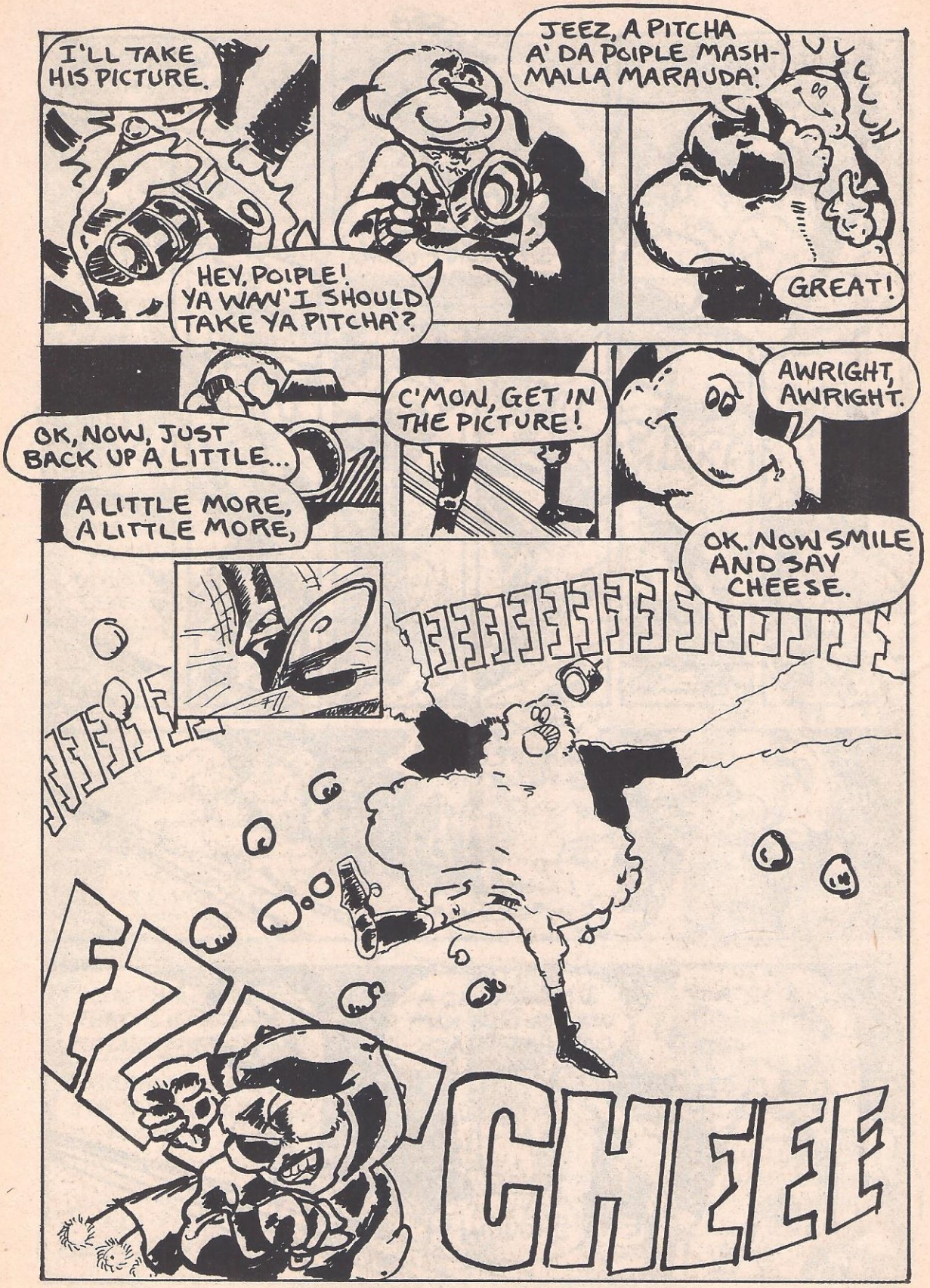

SEEYA.
WHY, I'LL MOIDA YAS!
SUBWAY


FIRST, I PUT MY HANDY CAMERA HERE...
THEN I'LL POSITION MYSELF SO AS TO BEST TAUNT MY...
SLOP
FOE WHEN HE ARRIVES
YA CHEATED, YA NEUTERED SONUVABITCH.
WHO SAID YA COULD FLY?
I DID, YOU OVER-STUFFED, ALBINO BOOGER!
BOOGER?
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, COME AND GET ME!
SO ARE YOU COMING TO GET ME, DOUBLE-STUFF?
DOUBLE-STUFF? I'LL MOIDA YAS!
IN THIS BUSINESS, THAT'S KNOWN AS A STINGING TAUNT...
MEANT TO ENTICE THE VILLIAN INTO A RASH...
DIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN AS THE FEIGNED TERRIBLE RAGE,
HEY! I AIN'T GOT NO RASHES
I'M HYGENIC!
I FLOSS!
USUALLY MEANT TA LURE DA HERO INTO WHATCHA-CALLIT, OVER-CONFIDENCE.
... ACT THAT WILL RESULT IN HIS FATAL DEMISE.


DOG-BREATH, I'M COMIN' FOR YA!
POIK!
POIK!
POIK!
POIK!
POIK!
POIK!
IT WON'T WORK, FLEA-BAG.
I KNOW YA TRICKS, AN' I AIN'T FALLIN' FOR IT

GREAT TEFLON! HE'S RIGHT!


I MUST FIND A WAY TO GET HIM ON THAT TRACK.
I KNOW!


I'LL TAKE HIS PICTURE.
HEY, POIPLE! YA WAN' I SHOULD TAKE YA PITCHA'?
JEEZ, A PITCHA A' DA POIPLE MASH-MALLA MARAUDA'.
GREAT!
OK, NOW, JUST BACK UP A LITTLE...
A LITTLE MORE, A LITTLE MORE,
C'MON, GET IN THE PICTURE!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT.
OK. NOW SMILE AND SAY CHEESE.
CHEEE

EDITORIAL
Page 4
FLEAGLE, THIS ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES OF INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING
THAT I'VE EVER SEEN.
NICE JOB.
THANKS, CHIEF.
NOTHING TO IT.
UMMM.
JUST LIKE MOM USED TO MAKE...
BACK HOME IN JOISEY.

PANTY LINES

WRITE SOON.